

something under the tree for me by drippingcandie

Series: totally tubular 80's christmas extravaganza! [3]

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Summary:

richie and will spend christmas eve together and exchange gifts.

joyce catches them kissing more than once.

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Author's Note:

- For [chaoticism](#).

happy holidays ! the ryers tag needs holiday content, that's just a fact. it does take place in the same verse as my other ryers fic, "words, they always win, but i know i'll lose"

this is for my friend lo, the og ryers warrior, just like most of my ryers content is. love you!! thanks for motivating me to write 24/7.

hope you all enjoy it!

“Hey! I was just looking!”

Will huffed indignantly and snatched the wrapped gift back. “You know we’re not opening presents until after dinner. Get out from under the tree, ‘Chee.” He made an attempt to sound angry but the smile could be heard in his voice.

“Fine,” Richie grumbled, literally climbing out from under the tree.

Will wasn’t dense, he knew not to set Richie’s gift in plain sight. He had tucked it all the way in the back behind the Santa Claus statue that his mom insisted they set out. The only reason he knew Richie was even causing trouble was the rustle of the tree branches and the jingling of the ornaments.

“I wasn’t going to open it, though,” Richie says defensively, holding

his finger up as if to mark that it was an important point.

“Uh huh,” Will rolled his eyes and bumped shoulders with his boyfriend, who was now standing. “And you aren’t covered in pine needles.”

Richie looked down at his sweater, which Will had fondly told him was the ugliest thing he had ever seen, and huffed. Will was right. There were pine needles stuck all over him, and he smelled like a personification of Christmas. He was also right about Richie opening the gift, although he wasn’t going to do it all the way. Just peek.

“Who even gets a real tree anymore, William?” He fruitlessly tried to brush off the needles.

“Ask the woman in charge.” Will grinned, idly helping the other boy clean off his sweater. There was no way he’d be able to get all of them off, but Will wasn’t going to tell him that.

Speak of the devil (although Richie would never call Joyce that) and she will appear. “Boys! Can you please set the table?”

Richie glances at Will if he’s about to groan and complain, but Will shoots him a look as if to challenge him. The taller of the two presses his lips together and rolls his eyes with an expression that shows nothing except fondness.

It’s Christmas Eve and Richie’s parents are out of town. Just like on

Thanksgiving. Apparently it was not an unlikely occurrence, but Will wouldn't know since he had only known Richie for one year. He informed him that his mom even missed Mother Day every year like clockwork.

So Will had asked his mother if Richie could spend Christmas Eve at theirs. She had been ecstatic, and for some reason was a huge fan of Richie's. She must've just been glad that Will was making friends somewhere.

"Are we going to use soup spoons?" Richie says teasingly.

"We don't eat soup. Why would we need them?" Will says, leading the way to the kitchen with Richie trailing behind them.

"You know, chicken and noodles is technically a soup even if you don't eat it in a bowl." Richie gingerly grabs the good china from the curio cabinet as Will gets to work collecting the needed silverware.

He blows a bit of hair out of his face, reminding him that he'd have to ask his mother for a haircut soon. "Stop making fun of me."

"But Will!" Richie croons. "You and your Indiana ways are just so charmin'!" God, the Southern Belle was out. Will was tempted to stick him with a fork, but instead he just grinned at his boyfriend.

Richie winks at him and heads towards the dining room, setting the china on the table with a clack. Will tries not to wince, scared that he

had managed to crack his mother's one good china set, but Richie didn't seem phased at all.

"I'm charming, huh?" Will says, smiling up at him and setting the napkins, forks, and knives on the table in one large stack to be sorted later.

"Very charming." Richie confirms, crowding up in Will's space and pressing a kiss to his temple. Will wraps his arms around Richie's waist and leans into the touch, enjoying his space heater boyfriend. He feels Richie's thumb press into his chin to tilt his head up, going in for a real kiss this time when-

"Ahem."

The boys jump back, Richie's gangly limbs going everywhere and almost landing on the table.

Joyce Byers stood in the frame of the doorway, arms crossed over her chest and giving the two a look that involved a raised eyebrow. Both of them responded with sheepish sorrys, but her face broke out into a grin.

"Could you at least set the table before you go fraternizing in the dining room, boys?"

Richie's mouth hangs open and then it closes. Rinse and repeat. Will thinks his mother might have actually broken him, so he elbows him

in the ribs just to make sure he was still breathing. That seems to shake him.

“Yes ma’am!” He mock salutes, picking up three plates and setting them in front of chairs. He makes sure they’re centered on the snowman themed placemats, the pattern on the center of the plate facing the right direction. Will gets to work on folding the napkins.

Joyce just laughs before heading back to the kitchen and presumably working on the meal.

As soon as she’s gone, Richie is looming over him without a second thought, dishes and silverware abandoned. Will grins at his antics, thinks it’s silly how sometimes he cannot keep his hands to himself for more than a few moments at a time. He can feel Richie’s breath on his neck and the tickle of the other boy’s long hair.

“Now, where were we?” Richie grins.

Will just rolls his eyes in response. “You know, my mother is never going to trust you if you jump my bones every time she leaves the room.” Richie seems to be trying to defend himself when that same familiar voice calls from the other room.

“That’s right, honey!”

Will feels like a kid again as he sits in front of the Christmas tree.

Dinner hadn't been a disaster. Richie didn't make any rude comments about the Indiana cooking in front of Mrs. Byers. He had used manners, as always. Will didn't spill anything and his mother didn't comment on how fast he was eating. He even got to sit at the head of the table, something that no one in the house usually did. Richie got to sit to his right, while his mother sat to his left.

But now it was the part of the night he was most excited for. Gifts.

"You're opening my gift first." Will says quickly, racing to the tree. Joyce was beginning to put left overs away in the kitchen, and they had just finished doing the dishes.

Richie makes a dive for the floor and rolls on the carpet towards the tree. "I don't understand," He pauses as he stretches to reach for the present, letting out a whine. "Why we can't open them at the same time, William."

Will looks at Richie as if he was scandalized. "We have to take turns, Chee." He grabs his gift to Richie, which was pristinely wrapped in some silver paper, before handing it over.

Richie's was....not as nice when looking at it from just the wrapping. It looked to be folded up in some parchment paper with twine. Knowing Richie, he had probably tried to wrap it twice before realizing that he's never been able to fold paper all that well (which

Will knew) and went to find an alternative in his kitchen. He looks sheepish when he hands it over, but Will just raises his eyebrows in amusement.

“Don’t laugh.” Richie’s eyes narrow a little defensively. “Or I’ll give you coal instead.”

Will looks up at him with mock seriousness, crossing his legs on the carpet and settling his back against the couch. “I would never.” Richie just seems to roll his eyes, keeping his mouth shut at that.

Richie folds up his legs under him and sits across from Will, present sitting in his lap. “Am I good to go? Can I open it?”

Will goes to nod, but then realizes something. “Wait! Wait, don’t open it!” He gingerly sets down the gift Richie gave him before bolting to his room.

He returned to the living room only a few moments later, polaroid camera in hand. He had to do some digging in the closet for it, since he had only brought it out towards the end of the summer. Jonathan had left it for him since it was one of his old ones.

“Okay!” He settled back into his position against the couch, now equipped with his camera. Richie hadn’t moved from his spot, but he was fiddling the bow that Will had stuck on top of the gift. “You’re good to go.”

Richie gives him a dubious look, but tears into the wrapping paper regardless. The glitter from the bow flakes onto his black pants (and Will would complain but Richie would not) and whole thing must have been unwrapped in thirty seconds total.

“Oh my god, Will. This is *amazing* .” Richie says, the folded sweater sitting in his lap. Will is able to snap a photo of the grin on his face, and Richie looks up with a mocking scowl.

It was by far the ugliest sweater that Will could find in Richie’s size. He always had to go a size up due to the length of his arms, even though he said it was no big deal if the sleeves were too short. It was green with red accents, although the print made it look distinctly not Christmas-y. A big goat, which he found out Richie was very fond of when they went to the pumpkin patch that year, say right in the middle of it.

“This is all I’m going to wear for the rest of my life.” Richie says dramatically, although somewhat sincerely, as his fingers tangle in the fabric. Will thought it was quite itchy but Richie didn’t seem to mind.

“You could unfold it, you know.” Will grins, already prepared to take another photo.

Richie complies, a little confused by Will’s request, but his face lights up when he actually follows through. Will gladly captures it, and this time Richie doesn’t seem to mind.

Folded up in the sweater was a framed picture, well drawing actually.

Will had maybe snatched some pictures from Bill's corkboard just to study them and complete the drawing. Eight people, sitting on rocks, smiling brightly. It wasn't colored, but the lining of the picture itself had taken far longer than Will had expected.

"You even got Bev's freckles." Richie looked as if he was about to shed a tear. "And you're sitting on my lap."

Mike was standing behind Bill and Stan, the latter looking far annoyed just as he did in every life. Next to Stan sat Richie, with Will in his lap and Eddie on his shoulders. Then Bev and Ben sat next to each other looking smitten.

"This is literally the best gift I have received from anyone in the history of ever!" Richie flops back, holding the framed drawing to his chest. It looks like there are unshed tears in his eyes. "I am never letting this out of my sight. I am going to stare at it until it's burned into the back of my eyelids."

"That's a little dramatic, 'Chee." Will mumbles, blush high on his cheeks.

Richie sits up, setting the drawing to the side. "Now you have to open yours." He leans over and presses a quick kiss to Will's nose, as if intending to make the blush stay there forever. "I worked very hard on it."

Will sets the camera aside and grabs the poorly wrapped gift, being incredibly more careful than Richie when he unwraps it. He struggles a bit with the twine, but eventually he manages to get it undone.

Inside the butcher's paper sits a cassette tape, *I LOVE YOU BABY* written affectionately in sharpie across the front and completed with a red heart at the end.

"Don't tell me-" Will starts.

"There's only one Frank Sinatra song on there." Richie says defensively. He knows that Will hates Frank Sinatra, hates him with a burning passion. "He's a legend, Will! You can't-"

"I'm going to fall asleep listening to it." Will holds it up in Richie's face.

His boyfriend pouts. "It's at the end." He crosses his arms. "Sorry that you're still listening to grandpa rock like *the Clash*, I thought I'd try to diversify your tastes."

"Grandpa rock? You know what my grandpa listened to? Frank Sinatra!" Will says exasperatedly, although he's only joking of course.

"I put Joan Jett on there too. Check the back."

Will flips over the cassette and sees a list of the songs. "I wanted it to be a surprise, but I didn't think you'd listen to it otherwise." Will gives him a look as if to say that he would, regardless of what was on it. There, in writing plain as day, *I Want You* by Joan Jett and the

Blackhearts.

Richie hums it, bopping his head back and forth, his glasses still a little skewed from when he was laying on the floor.

“Thanks ‘Chee.” Will says, running his finger over the writing on the back. “Love it.”

“Really? You know what I love?” Richie leans in real close, still moving his head back and forth as if the song is still playing in his head.

Will sets the tape to the side. “Mmmmh.” He hums as if he can’t think of what Richie is thinking. “I’m not sure, why don’t you tell me?”

“You.” He finishes his thought with a cheshire grin, leaning in to kiss Will.

From the doorway there was the sound of someone going to clear their throat. “Boys.”

And of course Joyce Byers is standing there, arms crossed, dishtowel over her shoulder. There’s a grin on her face regardless.

“Love you too.” Will says quickly, pecking Richie on the lips before going to get the rest of the gifts from under the Christmas tree.

Richie doesn't comment on how Will is beet red.

Author's Note:

find me @stenbrouqhs on twitter!